

A
SERENATA.

To be Represented on

The Birth - DAY

Of the Most SERENE

ANNE,

By the Grace of *God*, QUEEN

O F

GREAT BRITAIN, &c.

A T T H E

Castle of Dublin,

The Sixth Day of *February*, 1714.

By his Grace the Lord Lieutenant's Command.

Set by Mr: *John Sigismund COUSSE*R,
Chappel-Master of *Trinity College*.

Dublin. Printed by *Corn. Carter*,

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Of the Most SERENE

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By the Grace of God, QUEEN

OF

Great BRITAIN.

AND



Cellar of Dublin.

The Sixth Day of February, 1754.

(3)
S E R E N A T A.

Fate.

Fame.

Valour,

Glory.

Victory.

Chorus. **S**ING Great *ANNA*'s Matchless Name,
'Tis a Theme
Worthy of the Great *APOLLO*,
And the Sacred Nine, that follow
From the pure *Castalian* Stream.

Sing. &c.

Valour. 'Tis only such a Choir can reach Her Praises,
Whose Dawn, whose Rise, whose Progress
Shone bright successively; but whose Meridian
Glares with unequal'd Lustre,
Superlatively Good She blesses *Britain*,
And by transcendant Virtues
Engages even Fortune
To favour all Her Loyal *Briton*'s Projects,
So Great, so well Concerted, so uncommon,
That even Foes have Lavish'd Praises on 'em.

A R I A

Pale Envy, in Tortures for ever despair,
Thou can'st not impair
Those flourishing Laurels Her Temples do wear;
Thy Poisonous Breath for a while may o're cast them;
But never can blast them,
Obtain'd by such Virtue, preserv'd by such Care.

Pale, &c.

Fate. From my Abode beyond th' Eternal Hinges
Of Heavens subtil Foldings,
Invited by these general Acclamations.

I'm come this Day to do Great *A N N A* Homage.
 I am the Fate of *BRITAIN*,
 That move the sacred Springs of Her Advancement,
 Preparing various Hazzards,
 As matter only, to promote her Glory,
 And make her Queen and Sons most bright in Story.

Aria.

*That's only unshaken,
 That Fate once has fix'd;
 The wisest Projectors may all be mistaken,
 Entangle themselves in the Webs they have spun,
 And the Work of an Age, in a Day be Undone.*

That's &c.

Fame. That I am Fame, this Golden Trump and Pinions
 Beset with Eyes discover.
 From *Isis*'s Silver flood thro' every Ocean,
 Wherever Waters flow in curling Eddys,
 I've wafted *A N N A*'s Name to farthest Climates,
 The Snowy *Alps*, the *Apenine*, and *Taurus*,
 Have heard my Sounding Trumpet.
 I've wing'd th' Aerial Regions
 And blaz'd Her Glories to the Neighbouring Planets.
 The Listning Orbs admire Her wond'rous Praises;
 My Trump, my Eyes, my Ears, and Tongues are weary,
 Yet more and more the mighty Task Increaseth.

Aria

*Her Martial Praise a while give O're,
 To share in Britain's Joy;
 And then thy Loudest blasts Restore,
 And all thy Deity Employ.*

*Her other God-like Virtues Claim
 No less the Breath of Living Fame;
 Expect thy Task shall be increas'd;*

While Britain's with Her presence blest'd. Her, &c.

Glo. Th' *Assirian* Queen Her wreaths of *Laurel* blasted.
Palmyra's wond'rous Empress

[5]

Our own Admir'd *ELIZA*
 Was Wise, and Great, but more kind Fortunes Darling
 Than the Delight of Mankind.
 But *ANNA* the Peculiar Care of Heaven
 Now gives the World a More Illustrious Story,
 Than all that went before Her,
 And fills the brightest Orb with spotless Glory.

Aria

*See Her Brittons! how they'r Charm'd,
 All alarmed,
 When Her Glory's in their View:
 Rivers and Oc'eans, and Mountainous Barri'rs
 Stop not these Warri'rs,
 Destin'd for Empire, and form'd to subdue.
 All they pursue,
 Only worthy of that Sov'reign,
 They have Over'm,
 Ever Brave, and ever True.*

See her, &c.

Cho,

*Equal Virtues Poise her Soul,
 Reason there presideth,
 And each Passion guideth,
 Thro' the faultless whole,
 Equal Virtues poise Her Soul.
 Mercy only draws her,
 One way more than th' other,
 As it does the Gods.*

Equal Virtues Poise her Soul:

Glo.

*Behold another Scene of ANNA's Glory!
 She now in Triumph Rides with Bloodless Lawrels,
 When Hostile Kings flush'd with successive Vict'ries,
 That long in vain oppos'd Her,
 At length submitted to her just Decision;
 To make her Glorious Triumphs Universal,
 And wretched Nations Happy,
 Her self at last, to end the tedious Contest,
 She Overcame; the most Illustrious Conquest.*

Aria.

*Her Care's Incessant
To make us Blest;
Who'er Complains
His Suit Obtains,
Her Favours granted e'er Her Throne's Address.
Her Cares &c.*

18. Once when th' unsatiate God of War enraged
By Loss, resolv'd upon destructive Battle,
Pallas the Off-spring of Jove's Head advanced,
To check the raging Monster;
Her Power and Skill superior,
The Firy God must yield, tho' with reluctance,
Thus Furious Power by Wisdom must be guided,
And Lawless Strife by a Goddess be decided.

Aria.

10. Thro' the Skies while Thunder rattleth,
Wild Confusion fills the Air:
But the blackness must blow over,
Days bright beams again discover
All Serene and Heavenly Fair.
Thro' the, &c.

19. Fame, reassume thy Golden Trump; A Subject
Of more extent, than all her Martial Glory,
Presents it self, when all her Royal Virtues
Thy highest Flight and loudest Eccho's challenge.
Her God-like Condescension
To Peace amidst the Harvest of Her Lawrels,
Displays Her wondrous Meekness.
Her lively Wisdom's painted,
In that prime Choice of those her Crown employeth.
The Scale of Nations She so Even Holdeth,
That one may think *Astre'a* return'd from Heaven.
Nay, o're her Self, as o're the World she Reigneth,
Her Life enforcing all that she Ordaineth.

Aria.

*True Virtue can't perish ;
 Tho' Temples are razed,
 And Statues defaced ;
 Tho' Envy engages,
 And Falshood engages,
 She always shall flourish.*

True &c.

Valour. In their Eternal Roles the Fates Ordain'd me
 A constant Sharer of Great ANNA's Glorys.
 Oh! may the Sun ne're see me
 Apart from Her, and Her unequal'd Britons :
 I'll follow them where Cold *Arcturus* freezes
 The breaking Waves to Crystal,
 And cross the burning Line to Southern Climates :
 Or where *Euphrates*, and the Sounding *Tigris*
 Enrich the adjacent Borders.
 To New and Glorious Deeds I'll still inure them
 Thro' all the world, and ev'ry where secure them;

Aria.

*Brav'ry in a Righteous Cause
 Justly ravishes Applause ;
 But true Fortitude exciteth
 From dire Warfare to abstain,
 When our Ends by Peace we gain;
 And the Worst'd foe submitteth.*

Brav'ry, &c.

Victory. Turn Ancient Annals over ;
 And view the Actions of the greatest Hero's :
 They'll only be a Foyle to ANNA's Fortune;
 Nay, into *Rhea's* pregnant Womb, as *Janus*,
 Cou'd you your Eye cast forward,
 And see the Images of what is future ;
 You'd view no Story thro' them all so Shining :
 Now since her ample Honours
 Admit of no Addition,

No

'Twas fit th' Auspici'us God shou'd shut his Temple;
No longer prosecute the fatal Quarrel;
But court the Olive, and reject the Laurel.

Aria.

Golden Month, begin your Round;
Peace and Joy, and Love restoring;
Ev'ry chearful Swain adoring,
Be by Flora and Ceres Crown'd.
Smiling Hours, distribute Pleasure.
Balmy Winds disperse your Treasure
Over Britains fruitful Ground.

Cho: No Worthy ever so deserved
Loud Fam's Eternal Blast;
Therefore both on Columns,
In Hearts and in Volumns,
Her N A M E shall Ever Last.

No Worthy, &c.

Aria.

Trials display
Virtue compleated:
Anna's like Gold, that the Furnace refineth,
Th' oft'ner 'tis Tried, still the brighter it shineth:
But from the Name
Comes forth the same,
Not in value abated.
No, no,
Oppression but maketh it grow:

Trials, &c.

Cho. No worthy, &c. 23 AP 68

FINIS.

